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POEMS OF ENGLAND



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TORONTO

Poems of England

A Selection of English Patriotic Poetry

WITH NOTES BY

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PREFACE

OUR purpose in compiling this little volume has been primarily to provide another text-book of English poetry for schools. For some junior classes Shakespeare is unsuitable ; and for all it is desirable to vary the authors read from time to time. The possible alternatives are not many ; and we have thought that it might be useful to make a selection of poetry, connected together by the general idea of patriotism, in the widest sense of the word. Every child in Germany, on the anniversary of Sedan, receives a lesson about the great events that founded German unity. Every child in the United States knows the fourth of July as the birthday of the nation. We in England can have no such date ; for our national unity is ten centuries old, our national greatness has been a process of growth, and among our many memorable days there is none that can be singled out as pre-eminently the national anniversary. It is therefore all the more important to

bring home to the young what England has been in the past, how her position in the world has been won, and what qualities and ideals have helped to win it. What is wanted is not only that children should be told or reminded of the great names and incidents in our history; but that their interest should be excited, and that their feelings and imaginations should be touched. And for this purpose the right instrument is poetry.

The poets from whom our selection is made range from Drayton to Tennyson, and cover more than three centuries. Something has been taken from the works of sixteen different poets, but more than half the book consists of poems by Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, and Tennyson. For the most part the pieces included are complete poems; but in a few cases extracts have been made. Obviously nothing could be taken from Shakespeare in any other way. The passages selected will be found to lose but little by separation from their context.

Most of the leading traits of English feeling, character, and history will be found here represented, in the form in which poets might naturally love to dwell on them. Among these are the following:—the antiquity of our national existence, and the slow but steady growth of our constitution and empire; our insular position, and the English love of the sea, with its tales of bravery and endurance; the English ideals of warrior and states-

man ; and the national qualities, among which are conspicuous the steadiness of men and women in extreme peril, the stubbornness which never knows when it is beaten, and the moderation which refuses abruptly to break with the past. In regard to the latter point, we have aimed at keeping clear of party strife ; and, with the inevitable exception of the great Civil War, this has been easy to do without the sacrifice of anything which we should otherwise have wished to include.

One of the poems of Tennyson, "Love thou thy land" (No. XXIX.), may be considered unsuitable, from the difficulty both of its language and of its thought, for a collection of poems intended for the young. But to such a collection as this an indispensable part would be wanting if reflective poems were excluded ; and among reflective poems on English patriotism this great poem could not possibly fail to find a place. In all schools there will be some who may study it with interest and profit ; and any teacher who uses the book will naturally judge for himself which poems are suitable for his pupils.

It may be added, that we have decided to print the poems in the chronological order of their authors, as the simplest and clearest arrangement. The alternative was to group the pieces according to subject, and this idea was fully considered ; but it was found to involve so many difficulties of classification, and such chaotic and

confusing contrasts of periods and styles, that the loss was greater than the gain.

Our thanks are due to the representatives of the late Lord Tennyson, for permission to include in our selection nine of his poems which are still copyright. Without this permission we should not have undertaken our task. A book of English patriotic poetry, from which the *Revenge*, the *Defence of Lucknow*, the *Balaclava* pieces, and, above all, the *Wellington Ode*, were omitted, would have been indeed incomplete, and especially when the book was compiled for the use of the young. Children should not only read great poems, but should be encouraged to learn them by heart, and, with the exception, perhaps, of Campbell's songs, and *Boadicea*, there are no patriotic pieces so touching and inspiring to the learner as Tennyson's.

H. B. G.

A. S.

We are also indebted to Mr. Henry Newbolt for leave to reprint his poems *The Death of Admiral Blake* and *Clifton Chapel* from "The Island Race" (Elkin Mathews); and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional* is included by the kind permission of the Author and of Messrs. Methuen & Co., the publishers of "The Five Nations," from which it is taken.

H. B. G.

A. S.

12 April, 1907.

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POEMS OF ENGLAND

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563-1631

I

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed king Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

10

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,
 His ransom to provide
 To the King sending. 20
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile,
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 'Though they to one be ten,
 'Be not amazed.
 'Yet have we well begun ;
 'Battles so bravely won 30
 'Have ever to the Sun
 'By fame been raised.'

'And for myself,' quoth he,
 'This my full rest shall be,
 'England ne'er mourn for me,
 'Nor more esteem me.
 'Victor I will remain,
 'Or on this earth lie slain,
 'Never shall she sustain
 'Loss to redeem me. 40

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 'When most their pride did swell,
 'Under our swords they fell,
 'No less our skill is,
 'Than when our grandsire great,
 'Claiming the regal seat,
 'By many a warlike feat
 'Loop'd the French lilies.'

The duke of York so dread,
 The eager vaward led ; 50
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his hench-men.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear, was wonder ; 60
 That with the cries they make
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly, 70
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather,
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together. 80

When down their bows they threw,
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew ;
 Not one was tardy ;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king
 His broad sword brandishing, 90
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother, 100
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his ax did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby 110
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which Fame did not delay,
 To England to carry ;
 O, when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a king Harry !

120

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

II

FROM HENRY V. ACT IV., SCENE III

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with*
all his host. SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be w' you, princes all, I'll to my charge :

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble Lord of Bedford,—

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu ! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with
 thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly to-day :
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed He is as full of valour as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

A Hen What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

20

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have O, do not wish one more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

30

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,

40

And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian :'
Then will he strip his sleeve and shew his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget , yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages 50
What feats he did that day , then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd ,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ; 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother , be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

III

FROM RICHARD II. ACT II., SCENE I

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, 10
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, 20
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelted farm 30
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bounds,
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death !

IV

FROM HENRY VIII. ACT V., SCENE V

Cranmer. This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her !—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness . she shall be—
 But few now living can behold that goodness—
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be . all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, 10
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her ; truth shall nurse her ;
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her .
 She shall be loved and fear'd ; her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow ; good grows with her.
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine what he plants , and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known , and those about her 20
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her ; but as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself, '
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,—
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,—
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, 30
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations ; he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him ; our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

V

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO
THE CITY

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

VI

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings ;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings,
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war but endless war still breed ?) 10
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth Valour bleed,
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

VII

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd.
 And on the neck of crown'd Fortune proud
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd than War . New foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw. ,

VIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not In Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ANDREW MARVELL, 1620-1678

IX

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN
FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgéd his active star .

10

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own Side
His fiery way divide .

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose ;

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere, 30
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak ; 40

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope 50
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn ·
While round the arméd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ; 60

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcéd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

70

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust

80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command.
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

90

She, having kill'd, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While Victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

100

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all States not free
 Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
 Within his parti-colour'd mind,
 But from this valour sad
 Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake, 110
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on ;
 And for the last effect
 Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain 120

EDMUND WALLER, 1605–1687

X

FROM THE PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD
 PROTECTOR

OUR little world, the image of the great,
 Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
 Of her own growth hath all that nature craves
 And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow, 10
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs ;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds ;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds :
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own. 20

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you ;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede, 30
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind :
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home. 40

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferred by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one :
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state ; 50
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

XI

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

' Princess ! if our aged eyes
 ' Weep upon thy matchless wrongs, 10
 ' 'Tis because resentment ties
 ' All the terrors of our tongues.

' Rome shall perish—write that word
 ' In the blood that she has spilt ;
 ' Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
 ' Deep in ruin as in guilt.

' Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 ' Tramples on a thousand states ;
 ' Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 ' Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates ! 20

' Other Romans shall arise,
 ' Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 ' Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 ' Harmony the path to fame

' Then the progeny that springs
 ' From the forests of our land,
 ' Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 ' Shall a wider world command.

' Regions Caesar never knew
 ' Thy posterity shall sway ; 30
 ' Where his eagles never flew,
 ' None invincible as they '

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;
 Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
 Dying hurl'd them at the foe ; 40

‘ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 ‘ Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 ‘ Empire is on us bestow’d,
 ‘ Shame and ruin wait for you.’

XII

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the Brave !
 The Brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave
 Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
 And she was overset ,
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

10

Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.

20

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main : 30

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774-1843

XIII

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'

'I find them in the garden,
'For there's many here about ; 20
'And often when I go to plough
'The ploughshare turns them out.
'For many a thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory '

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries .
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ,
'Now tell us all about the war,
'And what they fought each other for.' 30

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout ,
'But what they fought each other for
'I could not well make out.
'But every body said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
'Yon little stream hard by ,
'They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
'And he was forced to fly : 40
'So with his wife and child he fled,
'Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
'Was wasted far and wide,

' And many a childing mother then
 ' And new-born baby died :
 ' But things like that, you know, must be
 ' At every famous victory
 ' They say it was a shocking sight
 ' After the field was won , 50
 ' For many thousand bodies here
 ' Lay rotting in the sun ,
 ' But things like that, you know, must be
 ' After a famous victory
 ' Great praise the Duke of Marlbo' won,
 ' And our good Prince Eugene , '
 ' Why 'twas a very wicked thing ' '
 Said little Wilhelmme ;
 ' Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
 ' It was a famous victory 60
 ' And every body praised the Duke
 ' Who this great fight did win ' '
 ' But what good came of it at last ? '
 Quoth little Peterkin
 ' Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
 ' But 'twas a famous victory.'

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1777-1844

XIV

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas !
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe :

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow. 10

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave .
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

XV

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North

Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat 10

Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ; 20

And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane 30
To our cheering sent us back ;—

Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
 Or in conflagration pale
 Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
 'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !'
 'And we conquer but to save '— 40
 'So peace instead of death let us bring :
 'But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
 'With the crews, at England's feet,
 'And make submission meet
 'To our King.'

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose
 As death withdrew his shades from the day : 50
 While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep 60
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,

On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou :
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles 70
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

XVI

MEN of England ! who inherit
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !
 Men whose undegenerate spirit
 Has been proved on field and flood —
 By the foes you've fought uncounted,
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !
 Yet, remember, England gathers
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame, 10
 If the freedom of your fathers
 Glow not in your hearts the same
 What are monuments of bravery,
 Where no public virtues bloom ?
 What avails in lands of slavery
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?
 Pageants ! Let the world revere us
 For our people's rights and laws,
 And the breasts of civic heroes
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause. 20
 Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
 Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
 Martyrs in heroic story,
 Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny ;—
 They defied the field and scaffold
 For their birthrights—so will we !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850

XVII

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be ?
 It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought :
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light
 That make the path before him always bright ;
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, 10
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;
 Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 In face of these doth exercise a power
 Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
 Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
 Of their bad influence, and their good receives ;
 By objects, which might force the soul to abate
 Her feeling, render'd more compassionate ; 20
 Is placable—because occasions rise
 So often that demand such sacrifice ;
 More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
 As tempted more ; more able to endure
 As more exposed to suffering and distress ;

Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends !
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill, 30
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means , and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ; 40
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state :
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be call'd upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad for human kind, 50
Is happy as a lover , and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired :
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes : 60
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,

Are at his heart · and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve ·
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :
 'Tis, finally, the man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
 Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one, 70
 Where what he most doth value must be won ;
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass'd :
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must go to dust without his fame,
 And leave a dead, unprofitable name, 80
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

XVIII

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1803

EARTH has not anything to shew more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will ·
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

XIX

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE NEAR CALAIS,
 AUGUST, 1802

FAIR star of evening, splendour of the west,
 Star of my country !—on the horizon's brink
 Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
 On England's bosom , yet well pleased to rest,
 Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
 Conspicuous to the nations Thou, I think,
 Shouldst be my country's emblem , and shouldst wink,
 Bright star, with laughter on her banners, dress'd
 In thy fresh beauty There that dusky spot
 Beneath thee—it is England ! there it lies 10
 Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,
 One life, one glory ! I with many a fear
 For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
 'Mong men who do not love her, linger here.

XX

SEPTEMBER, 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood .
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
 The coast of France—the coast of France how near !
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood.
 I shrunk, for verily the barrier flood
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fair.

A span of waters ; yet what power is there !
 What mightiness for evil and for good !
 Even so doth God protect us if we be
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll, 10
 Strength to the brave, and power, and deity,
 Yet in themselves are nothing ! One decree
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
 Only the nations shall be great and free.

XXI

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION
OF SWITZERLAND

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains—each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age, thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him but hast vainly striven,
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmur's heard by thee
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft
 Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left ; ' 10
 For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

XXII

LONDON, 1802

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour ;
 England hath need of thee . she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea ; 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

XXIII

It is not to be thought of that the flood
 Of British Freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flow'd "with pomp of waters unwithstood
 Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish, and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible knights of old 10
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 ' That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held In everything we're sprung
 Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832

XXIV

FROM MARMION

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings ;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory re-appears.

But oh ! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise '
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand, that grasped the victor steel ? 10
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart '
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave ; 20
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given ;
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ; 30
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ' to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins an early grave ,
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;

Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein, 40
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride he would not crush restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's
laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ; 50
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claimed his prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ; 60
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way ;
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray : 70
While faith and civil peace are dear,

Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, *PITT*, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb,
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound, 80
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;
And, if thou mourn'st, they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed
And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things 90
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings :
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
All peace on earth, goodwill to men ;
If ever from an English heart,
O *here* let prejudice depart,
And partial feeling cast aside, 100
Record, that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,

Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave 110
A portion in this honoured grave ;
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand, 120
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees
Genius, and taste, and talent gone, 130
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where,—taming thought to human pride !—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.

Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
'Here let their discord with them die ;

‘Speak not for those a separate doom, 140
 Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
 But search the land of living men,
 Where wilt thou find their like agen?’

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries
 Of dying Nature bid you rise ,
 Not even your Britain’s groans can pierce
 The leaden silence of your hearse :
 Then, O how impotent and vain
 This grateful tributary strain ,
 Though not unmarked from northern clime, 150
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel’s rhyme
 His Gothic harp has o’er you rung ,
 The bard you deigned to praise, your deathless names
 has sung.

CHARLES WOLFE, 1791–1823

XXV

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O’er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning ;
 By the struggling moonbeam’s misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ; 10

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring .
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

GEORGE, LORD BYRON, 1783-1824

XXVI

FROM CHILDE HAROLD

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then

Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No , 'twas but the wind, 10
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet
 But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain , he did hear 20
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 30
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who would guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ; 40
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe ! They come !
they come !'

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes .
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills 50
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught manimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow 60
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay, 70
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

FELICIA HEMANS, 1794–1835

XXVII

ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the Ocean Isle !

Where sleep your mighty dead ?
 Show me what high and stately pile
 Is reared o'er Glory's bed

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead

On Egypt's burning plains,
 By the pyramid o'erseyed, 10
 With fearful power the noonday reigns,
 And the palm-trees yield no shade ;

But let the angry sun
 From heaven look fiercely red,
 Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
 There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
 Along the Indian shore,
 And far by Ganges' banks at night
 Is heard the tiger's roar ;— 20

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone,—
There slumber England's dead

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped ! 30
Why should they reckon whose task is done ?—
There slumber England's dead

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze ,—

But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead. 40

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lour ;—

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave ! 50
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY,
1800–1859

XXVIII

THE SPANISH ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient
days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth
Bay ,

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's
isle,

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace ; 9
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the
drums ;

His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample
space ;

For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells. 20
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters
lay

Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids .

Ho ! gunners fire a loud salute . ho ! gallants, draw your
blades

Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride 30
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy
fold ;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of
gold ,

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall
be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy
Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points
of fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves.
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless
caves

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew,

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of
Beaulieu

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,

And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red
light

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence
broke, 49

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires,

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of
fear,

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder
cheer.

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying
feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each
roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike
errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of
Kent. 60

Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright
couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for
the North ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang
from hill to hill
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky
dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of
Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely
height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of
light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately
fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless
plain, 70
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled
pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

XXIX

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fix'd poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings 10
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
That every sophister can lime

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds. 20

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain .
But gentle words are always gain
Regard the weakness of thy peers

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise :
It grows to guerdon after-days
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch .

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
Not master'd by some modern term ; 30
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

For nature also, cold and warm,
And moist and dry, devising long,
Thro' many agents making strong,
Matures the individual form. 40

Meet is it changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies,
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
For all the past of Time reveals 50
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school ;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States— 60

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head ; 70
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That Principles are ran'd in blood ; 80

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away —

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes 90
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead ;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay.

XXX

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race, 10
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears ; 20

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

XXXI

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown, 10
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
 From precedent to precedent .

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fullness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute , 20

Tho' Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho' every channel of the State
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South.

XXXII

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON

I

BURY the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

10

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute .
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,

20

30

And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew,
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
 Such was he whom we deplore 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be toll'd
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd .
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds .
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold
 Let the bell be toll'd .
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ,
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :

When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim *70
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame
 And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

' Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 ' With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 ' With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?'
 Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laud by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gam'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye

Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-tines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banished swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ,
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all, 140
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ,
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just. -

But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ; 180
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light 190
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory .
 He that walks it, only thirsting

For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory . 210
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand 220
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :

O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane . 250
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears :
The black earth yawns the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; 270
He is gone who seem'd so great —
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own

Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him, 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

XXXIII

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852

My Lords, we heard you speak . you told us all
 That England's honest censure went too far ;
 That our free press should cease to brawl,
 Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.
 It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
 To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell,
 Wild War, who breaks the converse of the wise ;
 But though we love kind Peace so well,
 We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies. 10
 It might be safe our censures to withdraw ;
 And yet, my Lords, not well . there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
 Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break ;
 No little German state are we,
 But the one voice in Europe : we *must* speak ;
 That if to-night our greatness were struck dead,
 There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
 . Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er. 20

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore.

What ! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime ?

Shall we fear *him* ? our own we never fear'd

From our first Charles by force we wrung our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,

We flung the burthen of the second James
I say, we *never* feared ! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them on the seas. 30

And you, my Lords, you make the people muse

In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—
Were those your sires who fought at Lewes ?
Is this the manly strain of Runnymede ?
O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,
Would hsp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud !

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with naked coasts ! 40
They knew the precious things they had to guard :
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' miggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget !
We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of the land.

XXXIV.

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away .

'Spanish ships of war at sea ' we have sighted fifty-three '
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard . 'Fore God I am no
coward ;

'But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
'And the half my men are sick I must fly, but follow quick.
'We are six ships of the line , can we fight with fifty-three ?'

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville . 'I know you are no
coward ;

'You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
'But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore 10
'I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,
'To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain '

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to
Spain, 20
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly ?
'Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
'For to fight is but to die '
'There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again 'We be all good English men.
'Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
'For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet' 31

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,
and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks
and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred
tons, 40
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a
cloud

Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,

And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and
went 50

Having that within her womb that had left her ill content,
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand
to hand,

For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-
queteers,

And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears

When he leaps from the water to the land

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the
summer sea,

But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,

Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;

Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her
dead and her shame. 60

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could
fight us no more—

God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night
 was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
 head,
And he said 'Fight on ! fight on !'

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over
 the summer sea, 70
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in
 a ring ;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
 still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
 and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
 all of it spent ; 80
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
'We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
'As may never be fought again !
'We have won great glory, my men !
'And a day less or more
'At sea or ashore,
'We die—does it matter when ?

'Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain !

'Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ' '90

XII

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply :

'We have children, we have wives,

'And the Lord hath spared our lives

'We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go ;

'We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow '

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace ;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried . 100

'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true ,

'I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :

'With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die !'

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;

Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,

But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,

And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;

When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep, 112

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
 grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts
 and their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
 navy of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island
 crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.

XXXV

†
 THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE
 AT BALACLAVA

OCTOBER 25, 1854

I

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy
 Brigade !
 Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,
 Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd ;
 For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by
 When the points of the Russian lances arose in the sky ;
 And he call'd ' Left wheel into line ! ' and they wheel'd and
 obey'd.
 Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not
 why,
 And he turn'd half round, and he bad his trumpeter sound
 To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
 To the gallant three hundred whose glory will never die—
 ' Follow,' and up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, 11
 Follow'd the Heavy Brigade.

II

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight!
Thousands of horsemen had gather'd there on the height,
With a wing push'd out to the left and a wing to the right,
And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone
Thro' the great gray slope of men,
Sway'd his sabre, and held his own
Like an Englishman there and then ;
All in a moment follow'd with force 20
Three that were next in their fiery course,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse,
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made—
Four and thousands ! and up the hill, up the hill,
Gallop'd the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III

Fell like a cannonshot,
Burst like a thunderbolt,
Crash'd like a hurricane,
Broke thro' the mass from below,
Drove thro' the midst of the foe, 30
Plunged up and down, to and fro,
Rode flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillens and Greys
Whirling their sabres in circles of light !
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for a while from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze,
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right,
And roll'd them around like a cloud,— 40
O mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good redcoats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,
And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,
'Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade !'

IV

'Lost one and all' were the words
 Mutter'd in our dismay ;
 But they rode like Victors and Lords
 Thro' the forest of lances and swords
 In the heart of the Russian hordes, 50
 They rode, or they stood at bay—
 Struck with the sword-hand and slew,
 Down with the bridle-hand drew
 The foe from the saddle and threw
 Underfoot there in the fray—
 Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock
 In the wave of a stormy day ;
 Till suddenly shock upon shock
 Stagger'd the mass from without,
 Drove it in wild disarray, 60
 For our men gallopt up with a cheer and a shout,
 And the foeman surged, and waver'd, and reel'd
 Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
 And over the brow and away.

V

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made !
 Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade !

XXXVI

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade !
'Charge for the guns !' he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'
Was there a man dismay'd ? 10
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them 20
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30
All the world wonder'd .
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

v

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them, 40
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred

vi

When can their glory fade ? 50
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

XXXVII

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

I

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,
 hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on
 high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee
anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held
with our lives—
Women and children among us, God help them, our children
and wives !
Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most
'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his
post !' 10
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of
the brave
Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that
night in his grave
'Every man die at his post !' and there hail'd on our houses
and halls
Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-
balls,
Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,
Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we
stooped to the spade,
Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell,
Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and
their shell,
Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were
told of our best,
So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could
think for the rest , 20
Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain
at our feet—
Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us
round—

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a
street,

Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and
' death in the ground '

Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep
thro' the hole!

Keep the revolver in hand! you can hear him—the mur-
derous mole!

Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than
before—

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no
more;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew!

30

III

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced
on a day

Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd
away,

Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in
their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon
yell—

Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard
the Redan!

Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm,
and it ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side

Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the
tide—

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall
escape?

40

Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers
and men!

Ready ! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd
 with our grape—
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging
 forward again,
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not
 subdue ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and
 in limb,
 Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey,
 to endure,
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on
 him ;
 Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day
 fewer and fewer 49
 There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:
 'Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold un-
 awares—
 'Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at
 last—
 'Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into
 theirs !'
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be
 as true !
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank
 fusillades—
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which
 they had clung,
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with
 hand-grenades ;
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
 blew. 60

V

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake
 out-tore
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or
 more
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of
 the sun—
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying out. 'Follow me,
 follow me!'—
 Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down
 goes he
 Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the
 traitors had won?
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an embiasure! make way
 for the gun!
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we
 fire, and they run
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his
 due!
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful
 and few, 70
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and
 smote them, and slew,
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

VI

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We
 can fight!
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the
 night—
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and sound-
 ings to arms,
 Ever the labour of fifty that had to be done by five,
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,

Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes
 around,
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the
 ground, 80
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English
 field,
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be
 heal'd,
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a
 life
 Valour of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for
 grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief, 90
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we
 knew—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the
 still-shatter'd walls
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

VII

Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told by the
 scout,
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell
 mutineers ?
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears !
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering
 cheers,
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come
 out, 100

Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good
 fusileers,
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with
 their tears '
 Dance to the pibroch '—saved ' we are saved '—is it you ? is
 it you ?
 Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of
 Heaven '
 'Hold it for fifteen days ' we have held it for eighty-seven '
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old bauner of England
 blew.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810-1888

XXXVIII

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

RIGHT on our flank the sun was dropping down ;
 The deep sea heaved around in bright repose ;
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
 Caught without hope upon a hidden rock ;
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
 The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel, 10
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
 From underneath her keel.

So calm the air—so calm and still the flood,
That low down in its blue translucent glass
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey !
The sea turned one clear smile ! Like things asleep
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,
As quiet as the deep 20

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck
Form'd us in line to die.

To die !—'twas hard, while the sleek ocean glow'd
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers.—
All to the boats ! cried one—he was, thank God,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true—we would not stir .
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not : 30
On land, on sea, we had our Colours, sir,
To keep without a spot.

They shall not say in England, that we fought
With shameful strength, unhonour'd life to seek ;
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again, and yet again ;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still, under steadfast men. 40

—What follows, why recall ?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well ' and, roused from their wild grave,
 Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
 Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
 His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark ;
 If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press, 50
 Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower or Park,
 This feel we none the less :—

That those whom God's high grace there saved from ill,
 Those also left His martyrs in the bay,
 Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
 Full well had earned their pay.

XXXIX

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
 He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
 A drunken private of the Buffs,
 Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
 He stands in Elgin's place,
 Ambassador from Britain's crown,
 And type of all her race

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
 Bewildered, and alone, 10
 A heart, with English instinct fraught,
 He yet can call his own
 Ay, tear his body hmb from hmb,
 Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
 He only knows, that not through *him*
 Shall England come to shame

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow ; 20
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung .
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent, 30
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ,
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons
Lo, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great. 40

HENRY NEWBOLT

XL

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

(AUGUST 7TH, 1657)

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the
victories of England,

Across the Bay the squadron homeward came
Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a
funeral at midnight,

When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt
beneath the torchlight

That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral
triumphant,

And fain to rest him after all his pain ; 10
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever
unforgotten,

He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the coming of the
daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud renown
of warfare,

And life of all its longings kept but one.

"Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in
beside the hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human in
the twilight,

And gardens dream beneath the rising moon. 20

"Only to look once more on the land of the memories of
childhood,

Forgetting weary winds and barren foam .

Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and the
moorland,

And sleep at last among the fields of home !"

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength was
ebbing faster,

The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;

Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed along
the coast-line,

And now the forelands took the shapes they knew,

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves down
beside the water, 29

The town, the Hoe, the masts with sunset fired—

Dreams ' ay, dreams of the dead ' for the great heart
faltered on the threshold,

And darkness took the land his soul desired.

XLI

CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel here, my son,

Your father thought the thoughts of youth,

And heard the words that one by one

The touch of Life has turned to truth

Here in a day that is not far,

You too may speak with noble ghosts

Of manhood and the vows of war

You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,

To love the game beyond the prize, 10

To honour, while you strike him down,

The foe that comes with fearless eyes ;

To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth—

My son, the oath is yours the end
 Is His, Who built the world of strife,
 Who gave His children Pain for friend,
 And Death for surest hope of life

20

To-day and here the fight's begun,
 Of the great fellowship you're free ;
 Henceforth the School and you are one,
 And what You are, the race shall be

God send you fortune yet be sure,
 ' Among the lights that gleam and pass,
 You'll live to follow none more pure
 Than that which glows on yonder brass.

"*Qui procul hinc*," the legend's writ,—
 The frontier-grave is far away—

30

"*Qui ante diem perit*
Sed miles. sed pro patria."

RUDYARD KIPLING

XLII

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart. '10
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe, 20
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord ! 30

Amen.

NOTES

I. BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

In 1415 Henry V. landed at the mouth of the Seine and captured Harfleur. The siege and sickness cost him so many men that he could not attempt a serious invasion of France, but he resolved to march to Calais, then in English hands.

3 *I e.* and will wait no longer to try our chance.

6 **Kaux** is where the town of Havre now stands. Havre was founded about a century later.

11. There was no opposition to Henry's march through Normandy, the French army being east of the river Somme. When he had crossed that river the French moved towards Calais, and took up a position at Agincourt, which lies about half-way from the Somme to Calais, barring the road to the English.

17. This stanza is unusually carelessly written, and may be said to have *no* grammar. The meaning appears to be — 'Who (the French general), in his extreme pride, in order to mock the king, sent to him (to bid him) provide his ransom (*i e.* makes so sure of taking the king prisoner that he warns him to be ready with his ransom) Which (message) Henry scorns, as sent by a vile nation, though with an angry smile, which prophesies their fall.'

27. The relative forces were not as one to ten, but more like one to five, as given by Shakespeare (see p. 5). The English numbers are known to have been between 8,000 and 10,000; the French numbers are only given as so many times the English, the lowest figure given being four times.

35. *I.e.* England must neither mourn him nor honour him too much (if he falls). He will win or die (like a soldier), but will not be taken prisoner, and cost his country a ransom.

41. At Crecy, 1346, the pride and insubordination of the French nobles was a chief cause of their defeat, which was inflicted mainly by the English arrows, not by their swords. Pontiers, 1356, was not so completely an archers' victory.

45 Edward III., great-grandfather of Henry V., put forward a claim to the French crown, which was based on a theory of succession that France did not admit; but even if Edward's claim had been valid Henry's would have been bad.

48 The French standard was three golden lilies on a white ground

49 **The duke of York**, last surviving grandson of Edward III, was killed in the battle

50. **vaward**, another form of *vanward*, or *vanguard* (*van* is the French *avant*, the same word that is seen in *advance*) A medieval army was usually divided into three parts, the vanguard which became the right in the line of battle, the main body which became the centre, and the rearguard which became the left.

52 **hench-men**, attendants Originally *horsemen*, or mounted attendants then used of any servants or followers

53 The rear was commanded by Lord Camoys, John Holland, afterwards Duke of Exeter, was however present.

61 *I e* so that with the cries which they make, the very earth, etc.

66 The white-bearded Sir Thomas Epingham, marshal of the English army, gave the signal for the advance.

68 There were no **hid forces** The English men-at-arms were drawn up in line four deep, dismounted, the archers in the intervals between the divisions and on the flanks In this order they advanced within bowshot of the French, and began to shoot The French sent a few horsemen forward on each flank, but they were utterly routed by the archers The nobles and men-at-arms then attacked on foot, but they sank deep in the soft earth, and were shot down in hundreds

73. English bows were made of yew, which was chiefly imported, the English wood being too knotty: the Spanish was the best. A statute of Edward IV. required that four bowstaves should be imported with every ton of merchandise.

74 Several slightly differing measures, used for different purposes, were known in the Middle Ages by the name *yard*. The yard used for measuring cloth was our yard of 36 inches. It was the ordinary length of arrows used in war.

82 **bilbows**, i.e. swords, so called from Bilbao in Spain, where blades of high quality were made. The weapon of the archers was, however, not a sword, but a *bill*, a cutting weapon made in many forms, from a long-handled axe to a chopper

87. The slaughter fell not on the French peasants, but on the nobles and knights.

89. **This while**, 'during this time'

91. **ding**, i.e. to hit or throw violently.

94. **besprent**, i.e. sprinkled, splashed The two lines probably mean — '(The king) gave many a wound, his arms (being) sprinkled with blood.'

95. King Henry wore a crown fixed on his helmet, and part of it was cut away in the battle.

97. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, youngest brother of the king, then still a boy, fought by Henry's side, the Duke of Clarence, his third brother, was not present, nor was the Earl of Warwick

102 **maiden knight**, i.e. fresh to the wars.

113 For **St. Crispin's day**, see note on II. 40.

II. FROM HENRY V

This extract also refers to Agincourt

6 **God be wi' you**, now contracted to *Good-bye*.

8 The Duke of Bedford, Henry's second brother, was regent in England during his absence

17. The Earl of Westmoreland was in England but the wish ascribed to him in the text was really uttered by Sir Walter Hungerford, and answered by Henry in some such fashion

20 *I e* if we are fated to die, the loss of us is enough.

26 **It yearns me not**, 'it does not grieve me' This verb is quite different from *to yearn*, meaning to long for, and is no longer used

32 *I e*. so great an honour, that if divided among more men would leave a smaller share for me.

37. **crowns for convoy**, i.e. money to pay the expense of his journey.

39. **to die** depends on **fellowship** 'that is afraid of sharing death with us'

40. Oct 25th, the day of the battle, is the feast of SS Crispinus and Crispinianus, Gallic martyrs of the third century.

42. **stand a tip-toe**, i.e. be proud.

45. **vigil**, i.e. the eve of a feast

50. **with advantages**, i.e. he will make it out even greater than it was.

63. **gentle his condition**, 'give him the rank of a gentleman.'

65. **accursed**, i.e. cursed with evil fortune, that they were not here.

66. **And hold their manhoods cheap**, i.e. will feel themselves to be cowards (compared with us), while any of our warriors shall tell of the battle.

III. FROM RICHARD II

John of Gaunt, the uncle of Richard II, is denouncing on his deathbed the king's misgovernment. The common (and ancient) superstition was that a dying man could foresee what was to be.

8, 9 *I.e.* Light vanity, as greedy as a cormorant, after devouring its food, preys upon itself. The king's vanity will be at last his own ruin

14 *infection, i.e.* bad influences from abroad

15 *this little world* It was not uncommon to speak of Britain as a world apart. Some of the Saxon kings assumed imperial titles, and none of them acknowledged in any form the supremacy of the Emperor, who, according to medieval theory, was the temporal head of the world.

17 *serves it in the office of a wall, i.e.* is as useful or serviceable as a wall

19 *less happier*, a curious inaccuracy for *less happy*. A milder form of this irregularity is *most highest, more elder*.

England in Shakespeare's time, and much more conspicuously in the fourteenth century (the date of the action of the play), was in advance of all other countries in national coherence.

22. *by their breed, i.e.* on account of their natural and inherited qualities

23 Richard I was perhaps the most famous personally of all crusaders. Edward I also was in Palestine on a crusade when his father died.

25 *stubborn Jewry, i.e.* the land of the Jews, who were stubborn in rejecting Christ. To rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of unbelievers was the special object of the Crusades.

29. Richard II., in order to raise money, leased out the revenues of England to the Earl of Wiltshire and others.

30. *pelting, i.e.* paltry

35. Referring to the great English victories in France in the reign of Edward III.

36. The allusion is to the arrangements explained on line 29. The idea is — 'England, instead of conquering and getting land from others, has its own lands transferred by the king's charters, which he calls a conquest of itself.'

IV. FROM HENRY VIII

Shakespeare puts this speech into the mouth of Archbishop Cranmer at the baptism of Elizabeth. The great development of

English power and prosperity during her reign makes the prophecy hardly pass the bounds of reasonable poetic license

7. The Queen of Sheba, otherwise spelt Saba, came to Solomon to learn of his wisdom

10. mould up, i.e. make up the mould or form of.

20. In the reign of Elizabeth the reformed religion was finally established in England

24 The **phoenix** was a fabulous bird which was said to build for herself a funeral pile, set it alight by the fanning of her wings, and allow herself to be burned; and then to arise from her ashes to a fresh life. Shakespeare follows, for obvious reasons, the other version of the fable, according to which a new bird came to life from the ashes of the old one

27 This eulogy of James I., Elizabeth's successor, accords with the manners of the age, and if written, as seems probable, before the middle of his reign, was not so ludicrously exaggerated as it appears to us.

V. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Late in 1642, after the battle of Edgehill, Charles I. marched on London, but was stopped at Brentford by the parliamentary army Milton, who was then living in Aldersgate Street, wrote this sonnet when an attack by the royalists was daily expected.

10. Emathia was part of Macedonia, used poetically for the whole The **Emathian conqueror** is Alexander the Great, who, when he took Thebes, and destroyed the city, ordered that the house of the poet Pindar should be spared.

13. There is a story told by Plutarch, that the Spartans and their allies were intending to destroy Athens when they captured it at the end of the Peloponnesian war, and were diverted from their purpose on hearing the recitation of a passage from the *Electra* of Euripides This story forms the groundwork of Robert Browning's poem, *Balaustion's Adventure*.

sad Electra In the Greek tales Electra is represented as continually mourning for her dead father Agamemnon, and cruelly ill-treated by the usurper Ægisthus, who had been her mother's accomplice in the murder of Agamemnon, and now was king.

VI. TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX

Sir Thomas Fairfax, to whom this sonnet is addressed, was general-in-chief of the parliamentary armies during the latter part of the civil war. In 1648, some two years after the overthrow of Charles I., the royalists again took up arms in various

parts of England, while the Scotch invaded Lancashire. The only important rising in England ended with the capture of Colchester. This sonnet was written while Fairfax was engaged in the siege of that place.

1 **Fairfax** was invariably successful while commanding in chief; and his army, though small, was an extremely good one. But it is a great exaggeration to assert that all the monarchs of Europe were afraid of him, though it would be nearly true of the same army a few years later, when Cromwell was Protector.

7. The **Hydra** was a fabled monster with a hundred heads, and if one was cut off, two more grew in its place.

the false North The Scots, by invading England in concert with the royalists, broke their previous alliance with the Parliament.

8 **imp**, properly 'to graft,' used in falconry for fastening new feathers, instead of broken ones, on the bird's wing ("Imp out our drooping country's broken wing," *Richard III*, Act 1, Sc 2, l 291.) Falconry again supplies a metaphor in ix 91.

13 **public fraud** The standing complaint against Charles I. was that his word could not be trusted.

VII. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

This sonnet was written in the interval between Cromwell's final victory at Worcester (3rd September, 1651) and his turning out the Long Parliament in April, 1653.

2 The royalists early in the civil war instinctively fastened on Cromwell as their most dangerous opponent, and their writers were never tired of abusing him.

7. In 1648 the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton invaded England. Their straggling army was totally routed by Cromwell in two engagements near Preston in Lancashire. The **Darwen** is a small river flowing into the Ribble.

8. Cromwell's greatest victory, at **Dunbar**, was won 3rd September, 1650. At Worcester, exactly a year later, he crushed the despairing effort of the Scots to rouse England in favour of Charles II. Cromwell spoke of the victory at Worcester as a "crowning mercy."

13. The Presbyterians, and some of the other sects, were intensely intolerant, the ministers conspicuously so. The Independents, to which body Cromwell belonged, were the most tolerant of the sects, and he was himself more inclined to toleration than his party in general; thus Milton's exhortations were in accordance with his own views.

VIII. ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

In 1655, the Duke of Savoy, who was also Prince of Piedmont, attempted to destroy his Protestant subjects in the Piedmontese valleys. In consequence of the energetic remonstrances of Cromwell, then Protector, the King of France intervened, and the Duke of Savoy put an end to the persecution

2 The western part of the Alps separates Savoy on the western or French side from Piedmont on the eastern or Italian side. The Protestants dwelt mainly in the valleys which run up into the mountains on the Piedmontese side.

3. The Waldenses, as the inhabitants of these remote valleys were called, claimed to have maintained the purity of Christianity from the apostolic times. Whether this claim can be substantiated or not, they had a simple creed and form of worship of their own in the twelfth century, and ever afterwards, and never acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope.

12 **The triple Tyrant** is the Pope, whose tiara is a triple crown. The Papacy had then large territories in Italy, and its influence was predominant throughout the country.

14. In the book of *Revelations* Imperial Rome and its downfall are repeatedly spoken of under the name of Babylon. The extreme Protestants applied the same name to the Roman Church.

IX. UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The ode is called **Horatian**, because the stanza consists of two longer and two shorter lines, after the manner of some of Horace's odes. The spirit of the poem, however, also resembles the tone and treatment of some of Horace's patriotic odes.

Cromwell was recalled from Ireland in May, 1650, before the conquest was completed, to take the command against the Scots.

1. **appear**, i.e. be distinguished

4. **numbers**, i.e. verses. *numeri* in Latin is used for *tune* or *tuneful lines*.

11. Cromwell never saw war till he was more than forty years old.

12 **star**, i.e. destiny, according to the old belief that a man's fate depended on the position of the planets at his birth. Thus particular stars were supposed specially to influence men's character and course.

13-20 The sense is:—'Like the lightning from the clouds, he shot out from among his own party; for a brave man breaks his way alike through rivals who impede him, and enemies who oppose.'

23. The imperial title, **Caesar**, is here used to signify the king. The emperors were usually portrayed wearing a laurel crown

32. **bergamot**, a particular kind of pear, named from Bergamo in North Italy

34. Cromwell's rise to a leading place in his party was gradual though sure. It is an entire mistake to suppose that he aimed from the first at greatness for himself.

35 From the date of the poem this can only mean the abolition of the monarchy and of the House of Lords after the execution of Charles I., which was not specially Cromwell's act, but the act of the whole party. When Protector he made great efforts, though unsuccessfully, to restore an amended form of the old constitution

37. The letter of the law was largely on the side of Charles I., whatever the spirit may have been

41. The sense is — 'Nature, which does not allow a vacuum, still less allows new matter to enter a space already full. In like manner the kingly spirit of Cromwell *made room* by destroying other kingdoms.'

45. This is scarcely an exaggeration; even at Edgehill, when he was but a captain of horse, his troop was one of the few that did not fly, and so contributed much to saving the parliamentary army from total defeat.

47. In 1647, when the King was at Hampton Court, there were long negotiations for his restoration to the throne on conditions. Cromwell did his best to effect this, but the King would come to no terms, and fled to the Isle of Wight, where he became a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle. It was not until after the second civil war, late in 1648, that Cromwell very reluctantly agreed to the king being put on his trial.

50. **of such a scope**, i.e. reaching so far. The metaphor is from the use of nets to prevent the escape of game

57. "Men who die on a scaffold for political offences always die well," says Macaulay very truly: Charles I. was conspicuous for the dignity of his demeanour on the scaffold. Marvell was a zealous enemy, so that his testimony is all the more striking.

59 This fine metaphor pictures Charles gazing on the axe with an unflinching eye, as though in a contest of keenness, wherein his eye proved the keener.

66. *I.e.* which first made secure the power obtained by force. The party of the Independents forcibly ejected their opponents from the House of Commons, by what is known as Pride's Purge, in order to bring the king to trial, and remained dominant for some years, though decidedly in a minority in the country.

Whether this **forcéd power** was strengthened by the execution of the king may be doubted.

69 Livy (i 55) tells a legend that in the first days of Rome, when the foundations were being dug for the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol, a human head was seen by the workmen, and that this was supposed to indicate the future predominance of the city. He does not, however, say that it was bleeding.

79 Many people consider Cromwell's slaughter of two garrisons in Ireland the worst blot on his fame, but he was merciful to those who submitted. His plans for the pacification of Ireland, though formed in the interests of England, were very unjust to the native Irish.

82. **in the Republic's hand**, i.e. at the service of the state

87. **what he may**, a Latinism (*quod possit*), as far as he can.

88 Cromwell in Ireland, and in Scotland afterwards, was honestly serving the Commonwealth, not himself; but his success naturally raised his influence and reputation.

93. The sense is — 'Seeks for nothing more but to perch, etc.' So Cromwell, after the war was over, wishes only that the state may have peace and repose

95. **lure**, i.e. entice her back, a regular term of falconry

101. Happily Cromwell never sought to engage in continental warfare. If he had, he would have been more likely to share the lot of Hannibal, who after many victories was driven from Italy, than that of Caesar, who permanently conquered Gaul.

104. **climacteric**, i.e. dangerous (*Climacter* is a Greek word meaning a step in a ladder.) The use of the word comes from the old belief that certain periods of life were specially critical, namely, every seventh and ninth year, and above all the sixty-third year, as 63 is nine times seven.

105 The Picts were the earliest known inhabitants of Scotland.

106. The Scots were so deeply divided that the poet's simile of the parti-coloured plaid was fairly applicable. They did not, however, take the poet's advice, but made war on England in the interests of Charles II.

110 **mistake**, i.e. overlook, fail to see.

116-20. The sense is — 'The sword must be ready to check the dark spirits of turbulence and disorder, and also for the daily work of keeping up the power gained by the sword.'

X. FROM THE PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR

The poets of Waller's day were particularly given to what are called "conceits," that is, verbal ingenuities both of phrasing and of similes. Waller is free from the more harsh and forced

forms of ingenuity which are found in lesser poets of the day ; but traces of the fashion may be seen in this poem, as also to some degree in Marvell's.

1. Compare III. and notes.

8 The naval and commercial preponderance of England may fairly be dated from the Commonwealth, the former from the great victories over the Dutch, the latter from the Navigation Act

14 *swims*, i.e. is brought in ships ; but the word is chosen for the sake of the contrast, the metal though *heavy*, yet *floats*

20 The utmost limit of Roman conquest was the wall of Antoninus, built from the Forth to the Clyde, but their hold of the country north of the wall of Hadrian, from Newcastle to Carlisle, was brief and insecure

25 Alexander of Macedon, at the height of his power, is said to have wished to have more worlds to conquer.

26 Britain was practically unknown to the Greeks ; even Virgil, three centuries after Alexander, speaks of " *toto divisos orbe Britannos* " *Thetis* is a sea goddess ; the island realm was therefore in her lap

30. Alexander's victories were won against enormous odds, but over troops very inferior to his own

34. Cromwell may reasonably be said to have conquered Scotland, as the result of his great victory at Dunbar. As Protector he united it with England. Members from Scotland and also from Ireland sat in all the parliaments of the Protectorate ; this was undone at the Restoration

39 In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries France had been, on the whole, the permanent ally of Scotland against England, and had often assisted her with money.

45 *Preferred*, i.e. raised, promoted.

47. Julius Caesar was the first to give the Roman franchise to any subjects of Rome beyond the limits of Italy. But the policy of admitting *vanquished foes* to citizenship had been steadily pursued in earlier times, and had greatly aided the rise of Rome to supremacy in Italy.

XI BOADICEA

Boadicea, widow of the king of the Iceni, headed a great revolt against the Romans in A.D. 61, in which most of the tribes of eastern and central Britain joined.

2. Boadicea was roused to action by the wanton cruelty of the Romans to herself and her daughters.

6. The Druids were the priests of the ancient Britons

11. *I e* it is because anger makes us speechless and prevents us from uttering our terrible prophecies

20 It was not the Gauls but the Goths who overthrew the Roman Empire

23 In the eighteenth century Italy, and Rome especially, was distinguished for very little except music

25 The **progeny of the forests** are ships of war carrying artillery, and rigged for ocean voyages In Roman times, ships depended mainly on oars, and never went out of sight of land if it could be avoided

30 According to one account, Boadicea committed suicide after the defeat of the revolt, certainly she did not survive it.

31. The eagle being the Roman standard, the range of the eagle's flight is an obvious metaphor for the extent of the Roman empire.

32 **they**, thy posterity, *z e* the Britons to be

XII. LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

The Royal George, 108 guns, sank at Spithead, in 1782. She was being careened for repairs, and being turned too far, was capsized by a gust of wind

5 The total number drowned was nearer 1000

21 Admiral Kempenfelt was writing at his cabin table when the vessel went down

25 Some guns and other things were recovered, but the vessel itself was never raised.

XIII AFTER BLENHEIM

31 **the English** and their allies, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the Austrian general, defeated the French and Bavarians at Blenheim in 1704 It was the greatest battle of the war of the Spanish Succession, which involved all Europe The causes of the war were certainly far too complicated for any peasant to understand.

38 The **little stream** is the Nebel, flowing into the Danube, behind which was the French position.

43 The **wasting** of the country took place before the battle.

51. The victory cost the allies about 4,500 killed, besides 7,500 wounded. The French loss was never known, but was very much greater.

XIV. "YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND"

Every reader will be struck with the spirit and force of Campbell's splendid songs · but it may be worth while drawing attention to the originality of the metres Part of the effect is due to the change of measure in the seventh line of each verse in XIV and the fifth line in XV Each of these lines has a *rest* before the last three syllables,

"As ye sweep | through the deep"—

"It was ten of April morn | by the chime"—

which introduces a striking variety into the ballad metre.

3 England has had a national existence of over a thousand years, but the actual flag has been often changed

6. This poem was written in 1800 when the 'Armed Neutrality' was formed which led to the battle of Copenhagen in the next year, but was not published till 1809 The second stanza must have been altered after Nelson's death •

15. **Blake** died at sea, on his return to England after his great exploit of destroying the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Teneriffe. For **Nelson**, see XXIV

31. **meteor flag**. the word contains a fine image of swiftness and splendour.

XV BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

In 1801 all the states surrounding the Baltic were formed into a league known as the Armed Neutrality, which was strongly hostile to English domination at sea The British Government, treating their conduct as equivalent to war, sent a fleet to the Baltic under Admiral Parker, with Nelson as second in command, as early as the season would allow It began by summoning Denmark to quit the league, and, on the refusal of the Danes, attacked Copenhagen, the capital The navigation was difficult, and there were well-armed forts to encounter, besides the Danish fleet; hence the English victory was dearly purchased.

1 **Nelson** led the actual attack with a portion of the fleet It is told that, during the action, Parker, thinking success impossible, signalled to recall him, and that Nelson, putting the telescope to his blind eye, said he did not see the signal, and continued the battle.

10. **leviathan**, a huge water-beast mentioned several times in the Bible, sometimes meant for the crocodile, sometimes for the whale. Modern poets use it generally, as here, for the whale.

19. **flush'd**, a happy word, giving the eager joy and desire of brave men for the battle.

24 **adamantine**, from a Greek word meaning 'unconquerable,' and applied originally, as here, to *iron*; afterwards used for the *diamond*, which word indeed is a corruption of 'adamant'

26 *I e* the sudden cloud produced by the firing is like the sudden squall hiding the sun

35 **pale**, because the flames from the ships burning in the daylight would look pale

39 England had no feelings of hostility towards Denmark, but it was essential to her safety not to allow her great enemy France to be strengthened by the fleets of all the Baltic powers. Hence she was ready to impose easy terms if the ships were given up

63. **Elsinore** is the Danish fortress commanding the Sound, the strait which had to be passed to reach Copenhagen

67 Captain **Riou**, who commanded a detachment, was killed in the battle.

XVI "MEN OF ENGLAND"

2. **cost your sires their blood**, *i e* in the thirteenth century, in the reigns of John and Henry III, as well as in the seventeenth, to which the poet is mainly referring

17 **Pageants'** *i e* these trophies, without freedom, are but mere shows

21 John Hampden was a leader of the Parliament against Charles I.; he was killed in a skirmish at Chalgrove early in the civil war. William, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney were put to death unjustly, but under forms of law, by Charles II.

24 For **Agincourt**, see I and II

26 Before the great civil war the bishops were in general strong supporters of the crown, and were possessed of great powers, often used, like those of the crown, very oppressively. By the loss of these powers the Church of England gained considerably in its hold on the nation.

XVII. THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Nelson died on 21st October, 1805; and this poem, which was written in 1806, was in many passages inspired (as Wordsworth himself tells us) by the thought of the great qualities and heroic temper of the "mighty Seaman." See especially lines 19, 51, 60.

19, 20. *I e.* he is made more pitiful by his very familiarity with the horrors of war, which might have made him unfeeling.

21, 22. *I.e.* he is trained by war to self-control, which makes him less disposed to petty quarrels.

29-32. *I e.* where many men try to cure evil by evil means, and even what good they do is not from the best motives, he always, etc.

38 *I e.* has no desire for himself except to keep his honour and self-respect

43, 44. *I e.* wealth and honours must follow him (he will not go out of his course to get them) · they must come like the manna to the Israelites, *i e* without his working for them

59 **bias** (French *biais*, Ital *bieco*, from Lat *obliquus*), properly the leaden weight hidden in bowls, which makes them *incline* to one side a most apt metaphor

68 **toward** (prop an adj as here), favouring, helping It is the opposite of *froward*, perverse, adverse.

XIX "FAIR STAR OF EVENING"

1 It must be remembered that Dover lies only a little north of west from Calais, so that the sun would set in August (to an observer in Calais) over the coast of Kent.

14 **men who do not love her.** Though this was written after the peace of Amiens, we must remember that the eight years of war, 1793-1801, had left the bitterest feelings between France and England.

XX. "INLAND, WITHIN A HOLLOW VALE"

1. The **hollow vale** was near Dover; and the poem was written in September, 1802, just after Wordsworth's return from France

10 **blow and roll** are active verbs. the blowing wind and rolling waves give strength, etc.

12-14 The sense is.—'The same decree of God ordained the movements of wind and water, and also the supremacy of the soul in man'

XXI. "TWO VOICES ARE THERE"

In 1798 the French sent an army into Switzerland to support the revolutionary party, overthrow the ancient government, and substitute one dependent on France The Swiss regular army was beaten in the field, and the capital was occupied and the country mercilessly plundered. In spite of this, some of the mountain regions, notably canton Unterwalden, refused to submit; and were only overpowered after a serious struggle, in which the French troops slaughtered and destroyed without mercy.

5. The invasion of Switzerland was undertaken, if not at the instigation of Napoleon Bonaparte, at any rate to provide funds

for his expedition to Egypt; but he was not the ruler of France at this time. The tyranny was that of the republican Directory, not of one man

11. high-soul'd maid, i.e. Liberty.

XXII. "MILTON! THOU SHOULD'ST BE LIVING"

This sonnet is written in a very different mood from the three previous ones. The poet tells us, in a note, that after his return from France he was struck "with the vanity and parade of our own country," and "the mischief engendered and fostered among us by undisturbed wealth"

XXIII. "IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

4. with pomp of waters unwithstood, a quotation from Daniel's poem on *Civile Wars*, Book II., Stanza 7, published in 1597. The passage runs —

'And looke how Thames, enricht with many a Flood,
Glides on with pompe of waters, unwithstood.'

XXIV. FROM MARMION

20 Lord Nelson was killed in the battle of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805. Cape Trafalgar is not far from the port of Cadiz (Latin *Gades*)

21. levin, i.e. lightning.

27. William Pitt the younger, second son of the Earl of Chatham, became prime minister in 1784, at the age of twenty-four, and retained office till 1801. He was again prime minister from 1804 till his death in January, 1806, at the age of forty-six. *Marmion* was published in February, 1808.

30. *Hafnia*, i.e. Copenhagen. The Danish name is *Kjøbenhavn* (haven of the merchants), and *Hafnia* is the Latinized form of *havn*. See xv for Nelson's victory there. Pitt had quitted office before the battle, but the expedition was in full accord with his policy.

36. *I.e.* held the pride of power to be a bauble or plaything, of no value.

37. Pitt died quite poor, in spite of having held high office for so long.

40. Pitt adopted, though somewhat reluctantly, severe repressive measures against the English sympathizers with the French Revolution. Gradually the nation as a whole came to believe that the aggressive spirit of the French was a danger to all other countries, and supported Pitt heartily.

59. **Palinurus**, the steersman of Æneas, when the rest of the crew were asleep, and the god of Sleep tempted him to take a rest, refused to leave the helm. The story is told at the end of Virgil's fifth *Æneid*

64 Pitt's death broke up the ministry. It was succeeded by a coalition known as the Ministry of all the Talents, in which Fox, Pitt's great rival, had the chief influence. Fox died in September, 1806.

68. **tocsin**, an alarm bell from old French, *toque-sing* (*toquer*, same word as *touch*; *sing*, a signal).

76. **requiescat**, 'may he find rest,' an allusion to the Catholic mass for the repose of the dead, also called (from the first word of the anthem) a *requiem*. (See line 136) The couplet means — 'Do not forbear to pay a tribute to Pitt from fear lest it be shared by Fox, who is buried beside him'

87. **From error** This is the only hint of political feeling in this generous praise by the Tory poet of the Whig leader. Scott refers no doubt to Fox's sympathy with the Revolution, which most Englishmen of the time regarded as "error"

90. **Here**—is Westminster Abbey, which has always been the chief burying-place for distinguished men of all kinds. Pitt and Fox lie almost side by side.

96. **agen**, an old spelling of the word *again*.

103. It would be more correct historically to interchange the words **bent** and **broke**. Austria was broken for the time by her crushing defeat at Austerlitz, December, 1805. the policy of Prussia was vacillating and dishonest, until she was driven to despair

104. The Tsar refused on one occasion, in 1806, to ratify terms agreed to by his representative in Paris, which he deemed dishonourable.

106. Fox, in the first stage of the war, had been zealous for peace; he was a strong admirer of the Revolution and of Napoleon. But when in office he was staunch in refusing to purchase peace by any dishonourable concessions. The **olive branch** is the familiar symbol of peace.

125 The charms and witchcraft of the sorcerers of Thessaly (in N. Greece) are often referred to in the Greek and Latin poets.

129. **lees**, *i.e.* dregs.

151. The family of Scott was one of the chief houses on the Scottish side of the border. He is here, however, probably referring to his volume of ballads, entitled *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

XXV. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Napoleon invaded Spain and occupied Madrid late in 1808. Sir John Moore, who commanded a small British army in Portugal, boldly entered Spain, threatening Napoleon's communications with France. The Emperor sent a large force under Soult and Ney to "drive him into the sea." Moore, instead of returning to Portugal, retreated on Corunna, ordering ships to meet him there. When the British army reached Corunna, after a difficult retreat in the dead of winter, the ships, detained by contrary winds, had not yet arrived. Moore, therefore, had to stand at bay for some days. On January 15th, 1809, the ships arrived, and everything but the actual soldiers was embarked that night. But on the 16th the French attacked in great force, and were repulsed after a severe action in which Sir John Moore was mortally wounded. He died the same evening, and was buried by his staff in the citadel of Corunna, while the embarkation of the troops was going on.

21.¹ *they*, i.e. the foes and strangers.

XXVI FROM CHILDE HAROLD

The headquarters of the Duke of Wellington before the actual campaign of Waterloo were at Brussels. Early on June 15th, Napoleon began to cross the frontier in face of the Prussians, who fell back before him; Wellington received the news in the afternoon. The Duchess of Richmond was giving a ball that evening in Brussels, and Wellington, after sending his orders, attended the ball, in order to prevent alarm spreading in the Belgian capital. He had not thought it necessary that the troops in Brussels should march before dawn on the 16th, or that the intended movement should be widely known. Hence not a few officers went straight from the ball to join their regiments; but there was no occasion for **mounting in hot haste**.

18. It is a complete fiction that the cannon were heard at Brussels during the ball. There was no serious fighting till the afternoon of the 16th, when the simultaneous battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras took place. But the description is admirable, though not strictly applicable to the eve of Waterloo.

20. The father of the Duke of Brunswick was the Prussian commander-in-chief in the disastrous campaign of Jena, 1806, and was mortally wounded on the day of the great battle. He himself was killed at Quatre Bras.

35. **mutual eyes**, a beautiful expression for glances of love, given and returned.

44. Late on the 16th there was a serious panic in Brussels, some Belgian cavalry fled from the field of Quatre Bras, and

reported in the capital that Wellington's army was totally routed, and the French rapidly approaching. See the description, both of this panic and of the ball, in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

46 The 79th Regiment, known as the Cameron Highlanders, distinguished itself at both Quatre Bras and Waterloo.

47. **Albyn's hills** are the Scottish Highlands. *Albanach* is an old Gaelic name for Scotland. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the head of the clan, played a conspicuous part in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745.

49. **piibroch**, i.e. the music of the bagpipe. a Gaelic word, the first three letters being the same word as *piper*.

55 **Ardennes** is a hilly forest region in Belgium. It is only by poetical license that the forest of Soignes, which lay behind Wellington's position at Waterloo, can be deemed part of the Ardennes; but the name had already association for Byron with Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

67 The poet, for his own purposes, ignores the fact that the battle which followed on the scene at Brussels was Quatre Bras, obstinate and bloody for the numbers engaged, but not on a very large scale and not decisive. Waterloo was not fought till the 18th, two days later.

XXVII. ENGLAND'S DEAD

9 In 1801 an English expedition was sent to Egypt, and compelled the French army left there by Napoleon to evacuate the country.

27. **Columbia** is, of course, America. If the great discoverer had had his due, the continent would have been called after him permanently and formally, not merely in poetry.

39 In 1813 there were many severe engagements between the English and French armies in the Pyrenees, one of them at or near **Roncesvalles**, the traditional scene of Charlemagne's battle with the Moors. The English on the whole were successful, and drove the French back into France.

41. The English have taken the chief part in Polar exploration, which has at various times cost many lives. The most famous Polar disaster, the loss of Sir John Franklin with all his crews, took place long after the date of this poem.

XXVIII. THE ARMADA

5. On Friday, 30th July 1588, the English fleet in Plymouth heard that the Spanish Armada was approaching.

7. **Aurigny's isle** is Alderney. The French name fits the metre, the English would not.

12. **Mount Edgcumbe** is on the west side of Plymouth Sound.

14. The loose rein and bloody spur show the rider's hurry. post, i.e. messenger.

16 halberdiers The halberd was a pole-axe, or axe with a long handle.

17. yeomen, i.e. villagers or small farmers, used as a sort of country police or militia.

21. This is rather an imaginative description of the royal standard of the Tudors, in which the ancient three lions of England were quartered with the lilies of France.

23. The Picard field is Crecy, in Picardy, the scene of Edward III.'s great victory, where the blind king John of Bohemia was killed fighting on the French side, and his son Charles, afterwards emperor (i.e. Caesar), was also present. There was also a large body of Genoese crossbowmen.

25 At Agincourt the English did not turn to bay, though they did at Crecy the French barred their road to Calais. See I. and II

30. *Semper Eadem* was Elizabeth's motto.

35-74. Macaulay was a great reader of the classics, and the whole of this spirited description of the beacons is clearly inspired by the fine passage in Æschylus' *Agamemnon*, where the line of signal fires that brought news of the capture of Troy is described in stately verse.

35 Eddystone, a rock off Plymouth, now crowned by a lighthouse. The line is equivalent to—from south to north, and from east to west.

43. Longleat, a great country house near Frome, in Somerset, the seat of the Thynne family. Cranbourne Chase, on the borders of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire.

44 Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire, between Southampton Water and the New Forest

65 The Peak is not a single summit, but a mountainous region in Derbyshire. There is a river Derwent flowing out of it, which is probably here confused with the Darwen in Lancashire.

71. Belvoir, on the borders of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, the seat of the Dukes (in Elizabeth's time Earls) of Rutland.

73. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, almost rebuilt Lancaster Castle.

XXIX. "LOVE THOU THY LAND"

5. The description of the true love of country is continued in this stanza, which accounts for there being no verb.

Turn'd round on fixed poles, i.e. like the earth: an apt metaphor for the ordered movement and fixed principles of true love of country. So Bacon (Essay I.), "It is heaven upon earth

to have a man's mind *move* in charity, *rest* in providence, and *turn upon the poles* of truth."

9-12. *I.e.* do not encourage the wild ideas of the day. **The herd** is the common people. **sophister** (old form of *sophist*), a shallow reasoner who pretends to be wise. **lime**, or bird-lime, is a sticky substance used for catching small birds, the verb being *to lime*. The three last lines therefore mean — 'Do not put unripe ideas before the flighty common people, who are easily taken in by any shallow reasoner.'

13-16. The poet is still dwelling on the difficulties of the *teacher* in a time of new ideas, and this stanza means. — 'Neither overload the weak with difficult thoughts, nor hide the new light from those who are groping for it'

20 **Bear**, not bears, because it is the old subjunctive form: 'whatever sky may bear'

22. **Cut Prejudice against the grain**, *i.e.* cut it right across, do not give way to it at all.

24 **peers**, *i.e.* your equals (Lat *pares*), your brothermen (Lords were originally called peers, because they were all of *equal* rank, as compared with the King above them and the Commons below.)

25 **To touch pay**, a common phrase for to draw it, to handle it. the slight change made by the unusual noun just redeems it from commonness here.

27. *I.e.* Praise grows to reward your later days. do not look for any immediate reward. **guerdon** is here a verb, properly it is a noun, signifying reward, it is a hybrid or compound of German and Latin, *wider-donum*, a *back-gift* or reward.

33-36. A difficult stanza. **That** (line 33) is relative to the word **law** in the previous line; and **fall with life** means 'fall in with,' 'be adapted to' life. The sense of the two first lines is therefore. — '(The law) which may, after discussion, be found to suit practical life, whose needs are a strong compelling force.' The last two lines describe forcibly the advantages of discussion: the law is criticised by many different minds that it may be fair to all interests. **To close** is to combine, comprise.

37-40. *I.e.* Nature, by clash of opposites, develops the living thing into its full strength and perfection, as man by discussion arrives at the best law.

43. **still**, *i.e.* silent and slow-moving.

45-48. *I.e.* let the new order be allowed to fit smoothly on to the old which is done away with, and let it move easily, as a part of the machine of state, doing its proper work without friction or violence.

49-52. The sense is: — 'But this is not easy to carry out; for whenever a new thought has been realised, it has been with

some violent disturbance.' (This is given in the fine image, that the marriage-day of Thought and Fact is a day of thunderstorm.)

57-64. *I e* the process of growing, when a new order is being shaped, is full of toil and suffering, and the shapes of the coming Poyers, the guardians of the new order, are dimly seen. There are also marvellous new inventions (which will deeply influence, he hints, the new order).

65-70. *I e.* this new order (the second whole) will be an adjustment of many detailed changes. But the changes must be slow (regard gradation) lest passions be aroused, and so the old things be violently destroyed, instead of being quietly changed for the new. To *race*, *i.e.* to make swift, to stir up to violence.

78. *shock*, *i.e.* meet in violent conflict

80. *I e.* New ideas come down like a rain of blood, are only established at the cost of men's lives.

81-end. The general sense is.—'If the new can only come with violence, yet the wise man has his part to play: he will keep the peace where he can, work on for the right, recognise frankly the good in his opponents, and, if he has to use force, it will be unflinching but short. And out of the turmoil the new order will come, as it has before.' And his last word is: it must not be hurried, else it will come slower in the end

83. *his hand against the hilt*, the sword *not drawn*, but *ready*

85. *dogs of Faction*, *i e* clamorous partisans.

87, 88 These splendid lines may be almost said to sum up the history of human progress. The new idea brings conflict at first, but a better order and peace in the end

93. The sense is.—'As the good we have to-day is due to seed sown by men who lived before us, so our efforts will still bear fruit hereafter.'

95. *Earn well the thrifty months*, *i.e.* labour (without waste of time) for the harvest which will come in due season. *Thrifty* is (by the common picturesque instinct of language) transferred from the person to the thing. So we speak of a *laborious week*, a *feverish night*, a *flying shot*, etc.

XXX. "OF OLD SAT FREEDOM"

6. *Self-gather'd*, *i e.* concentrated, wrapt up in her thoughts.

14. *isle-altar*, England, *i.e.* the home and shrine of Freedom.

15, 16 a happy phrase, suggesting (as the figure of the goddess Freedom) the well-known representation of Britannia with the trident and crown. *God-like*, because the trident properly belongs to the sea-god Neptune.

24. Moderation is always the burden of Tennyson's song in these patriotic poems.

XXXI. "YOU ASK ME, WHY"

6 **sober-suited**, a touch of satire against the jewels and purple of royalty.

17. The tyranny of masses of men is the evil of which the poet here suggests the fear. Freedom may be threatened from below as well as from above. If this evil should be rife, then, in spite of glory or wealth, he says, England would be no longer a place he would love to live in.

XXXII. DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

The Duke of Wellington died on 14th September 1852, aged 83, and was buried under the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, beside Lord Nelson. The funeral was attended by representatives of every army in Europe, and of every regiment in the British service.

23 Wellington played an important part in politics on the Conservative side for some time. In his last years he stood rather aloof from party, and from his great services and reputation occupied a position almost unique.

42 The **World-victor** is Napoleon, who had at one time practically all continental Europe at his feet.

49 The dome of St Paul's is surmounted by a gilt cross.

80-82 The spirit of Nelson speaks these three lines; but the effect is far finer and more impressive when the words abruptly break in on the dirge, and the speaker is not named.

98 Wellington's first independent command was in India, when his brother, Marquis Wellesley, was Governor-General. On the 23rd of August 1803 he won the battle of *Assaye*, which was decisive of the Mahratta war, with about 4,500 trustworthy troops, English and Sepoys, against about 60,000.

101 Wellington was given the chief command in the Peninsular war in 1809. He recognised from the first that the only chance of ultimate success against the very superior strength of the French lay in acting carefully on the defensive until other European powers should combine against Napoleon. Therefore, immediately on landing, he gave orders for the construction of the lines of Torres Vedras, behind which he might retire in case of need, across the tongue of land at the end of which Lisbon stands. The front line, about twenty-five miles north of Lisbon, was so strong that the French never ventured to attack it; the second, still stronger, was ten miles in rear; the third was close round Lisbon.

107. In 1813 Wellington was able to assume the offensive in earnest. His victory at Vittoria forced the French to evacuate Spain. It was followed by a long series of smaller contests in

and north of the Pyrenees, in which Wellington steadily gained on the French, continued till the fall of Napoleon, April 1814.

119 Napoleon returned from Elba in March 1815; his second reign was terminated by the battle of Waterloo, fought on Sunday, the 18th of June. Wellington, with a slightly smaller army than Napoleon's, stood to fight, in reliance on the Prussians coming to his support. The roads were greatly injured by rain, and the Prussian troops were so much delayed that Wellington had great difficulty in holding his ground. It was nearly sunset before the Prussian attack on Napoleon's right began to be successful. A marked feature of the battle was the repeated charges of the French cavalry on the English infantry formed in squares.

137. Nelson's two great victories before Trafalgar, where he was killed, were at the Nile (1st August 1798) and Copenhagen (2nd April 1801).

152. In 1848-49 there were revolutionary movements in many states of Europe, but they were mostly ill-directed and needlessly violent, and ended in the restoration of the old despotic governments, except in France, where a short-lived republic was established.

162. From the fifteenth century, despotism, backed by standing armies, was universal in Europe, England forming the only exception. Here the ancient constitutional checks on the crown were never entirely lost; and from the civil conflicts of the seventeenth century there arose a combination of practical self-government with monarchical forms.

211. There existed in the Middle Ages a legend, in various forms, of possible access to Paradise through a series of physical obstacles. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is the elaboration of the same idea in an avowed allegory.

XXXIII. THE 3RD OF FEBRUARY, 1852

On 2nd December 1851 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, President of the French Republic, by treachery and violence made himself master of France. By the time Parliament met on 3rd February 1852, the great majority in France had finally accepted Louis Napoleon's despotism, and it was obvious that the empire would soon be re-established. The English press had denounced in the strongest terms the treason of Louis Napoleon, accompanied as it was by the slaughter of many hundreds, chiefly peaceful citizens, in Paris. In the debate in the House of Lords many speakers condemned this language, as calculated to cause war between England and France. This was not untrue, for the desire to avenge Waterloo was still strong in France, and it was possible that the new emperor might try to win popularity by

war with England. There was every reason for England's acknowledging whatever government the French might choose to set up; but it would have been a neglect of duty if the only free press in Europe had failed to stigmatise as it deserved the most treacherous public crime of the century.

11 It might be safe, *i.e.* it might be better for safety.

12 a higher law, *i.e.* higher than that of safety.

15 It must be remembered that this was written in 1852, while Germany was still broken up into a multitude of small states

20 *salve* is ointment; the suggestion is that a tyrant is worse than a sore, and that smooth words are of no use.

25. *our own*, *i.e.* tyrants

28. The chief cause of the overthrow of James II. was the expectation that he would try to re-establish Roman Catholicism

30. Nearly all the great victories of England in European warfare on land, and some at sea, have been won over the French

33. The Barons, headed by Simon de Montfort, took up arms against the misgovernment of Henry III., and decisively defeated him at Lewes, 14th May 1264

34 The Barons, acting as the leaders and representatives of the entire nation, forced John to sign the Great Charter at Runnymede, on the Thames near Windsor, in 1215.

39 There was much of favouritism in the administration of the army at this time, and some departments were very inefficient, as appeared two or three years later in the Crimean war.

43. The Manchester school, as it was called, believed that the era of universal peace had come, because for a generation there had been no great war in Europe, and grudged all expenditure on the army and navy as waste.

XXXIV. THE REVENGE

On the last day of August 1591, an English fleet, under Lord Thomas Howard, was lying at Flores, in the Azores Islands, when a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail approached. He had only six fighting ships, their crews much weakened by sickness, and a few small provision vessels; and naturally he made all haste to escape. His second in command, Sir Richard Grenville, either would not fly, or really could not get away in time without abandoning the sick men on shore, and he fought the whole Spanish fleet as described. The poem follows with minute accuracy all the details of the conflict, as reported by survivors. There is no more conspicuous instance in history, unless it be the Spartans at Thermopylæ, of that cool audacity in facing

enormous odds, which has won for England, among other things, her empire in India

It may be noticed that a great effect is produced by frequent changes in the metre. Thus the first four stanzas, while containing several minor variations, consist mostly of lines with four principal beats, like

“To the thumb-screw and the stáke, for the glóry of the Lórd ”
The fifth stanza has six beats in the line, and the metre is swifter, having fewer syllables to the beat.

“The little Revénge ran ón sheer into the héart of the fée ”
The sixth, seventh, and eighth revert mostly to the same metre as the first four. From the ninth to the eleventh we have the same *feet* as in the fifth, but the length of the lines is more irregular. Stanzas twelve and thirteen return to the first metre, and the last stanza returns to the second and swifter schéme, ending with the wonderful description of the rise of the storm, where the sound is so subtly suggestive of the reality :

“When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,” etc.

12 Englishmen taken prisoners by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century were handed over as heretics to the Inquisition, and were many of them burned alive, or otherwise tortured to death.

17. Sir Richard Grenville was one of the Devonshire worthies, many of whom were conspicuous among the adventurers of Elizabeth's reign. He lived near Bideford, then a considerable port, and it may fairly be assumed that his crew were mainly Bideford men.

31 *Don*, a Spanish title of honour, like our *Mr.*

46 *galleon*, Spanish word for a large galley or armed ship.

48. *larboard*, i.e. the left side of the ship; *starboard*, the right. To prevent confusion of sound, *port* is now used for *larboard*.

112. A large number of merchant ships joined the Spanish fleet very soon after the capture of the “*Revenge*,” and about two-thirds of the whole, including the “*Revenge*” herself, were sunk or wrecked in the storm that ensued.

XXXV. CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE

In 1854, when England and France were at war with Russia, a joint army invaded the Crimea, and formed the siege of Sebastopol. On October 25th, a Russian army made the first attempt to raise the siege, fighting what is known as the battle of Balaclava, from the small port which the English occupied. North of Balaclava, and east of the plateau on which Sebastopol

stands, is a plain $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, divided into two strips by a ridge of higher ground. The English cavalry camp was at the Sebastopol end of this plain. The Russians entered it in great force at the east end, seriously threatening Balaclava, which had but a small garrison. The Heavy Brigade under General Scarlett were ordered to reinforce Balaclava, and were riding along the southern of the two strips, when a solid mass of Russian cavalry came over the central ridge. Some way down the slope they halted and began to extend on each side. Scarlett saw his opportunity, and charged straight at them with his first line, consisting of the Scots Greys and part of the Inniskillings. He himself, as was right, led the charge, closely followed by his aide-de-camp, orderly, and trumpeter. The Russians, being halted, could not withstand the charge, though the assailants were so few that they seemed to be swallowed up in the mass of enemies as the second line came up, they gave way, and were driven back over the ridge.

XXXVI. CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Shortly after the charge of the Heavy Brigade, orders reached the cavalry to attack the enemy, and prevent their carrying off certain guns that had been abandoned when they first advanced in great force.

12. The officer who brought the order was killed, and there is some doubt as to what Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief, really meant: but the cavalry general understood that he was ordered to charge the enemy's army, and sent forward the Light Brigade, not quite 600 strong

18. The strip of plain along which they advanced might well be called the *valley of death*. There was Russian artillery on higher ground to right and left, with riflemen in front of the guns; at the eastern end more artillery and all the Russian cavalry.

33. The Light Brigade actually reached the guns at the eastern end, and cut down the gunners, and then made their way back through the *valley of death*; but nearly half the men, and more than half of the horses, had been killed or wounded.

52. The French general is reported to have said "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre,*" which is doubtless true; but it was an achievement above ordinary rules, rather than a violation of them.

XXXVII. DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW

The successful defence of Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, was one of the most important events in the Indian Mutiny, 1857. The details given in the poem are nearly all to be found in the official report of Brigadier-General Inglis, who commanded.

7. There was no fort, merely a certain number of residences connected by intrenchments hastily planned, and imperfect from want of time.

11. Sir Henry Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of Oudh, was mortally wounded by a shell on the second day of the siege.

46 The garrison consisted at the beginning of little more than 900 Europeans, chiefly of the 32nd Regiment, and about 700 native soldiers of these three-eighths were killed or disabled by wounds during the siege. The rebels were in tens of thousands.

67 **embrasure**, i.e. an opening in a wall or rampart, with sides slanting outwards.

69. A large part of the 13th Native Infantry remained faithful; there were also a good many Sikhs, whom Lawrence had collected from the mutinous regiments, and not a few pensioners who voluntarily came back to their colours.

91. The garrison succeeded in communicating two or three times with the outside world. Hence they knew that Sir H. Havelock with a small force was hoping to relieve them, but they could not know the insuperable difficulties which delayed him until reinforced by Outram.

99 The 78th Highlanders formed a large part of Havelock's little army.

105. The siege began on June 30th. Havelock forced his way in on September 25th.

XXXVIII LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

In February, 1852, the troopship "Birkenhead" took out to the Cape about 500 soldiers, to join regiments then in the colony. In the night she struck on a hidden rock near Cape Town, and became a total wreck in a few minutes. Very few of the boats could be used, so that there was no escape for the large majority. Colonel Seton of the 74th, who was in command, mustered the men on deck, and they stood in their ranks till the ship sank under them, rather than risk the lives of the women and children by trying to get into the boats. Some escaped by swimming or clinging to the wreck, but over 350 perished. Probably never has discipline achieved such a triumph.

1. The "Birkenhead" struck at 2 a.m., not at sunset, adding the terror of darkness.

17. Many of those who tried to swim to land were taken down by sharks.

27. According to the narrative of a survivor, the captain of the ship, when she was on the point of sinking, called on all who could swim to jump overboard and try to reach the boats; but

the officers begged the soldiers not to imperil the rest, and they never broke their ranks.

50 The Victoria cross, which is made of bronze, is given exclusively for acts of brilliant courage in battle.

XXXIX. PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

In 1860 England and France sent a joint army to compel the Chinese to observe a treaty to which they had agreed two years before. A correspondent of the *Times* reported the following incident as having occurred during the expedition :

"Some Seiks, and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *lotou*. The Seiks obeyed ; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill "

6. Lord Elgin was the English ambassador to China.

17 The 3rd Buffs is now called the East Kent regiment, having been originally raised in that district in the 17th century. It is a fair poetic assumption that this particular soldier was a Kentishman.

39 **Sparta's king**, i.e. Leonidas, who with all the Spartans under him fell at Thermopylæ, rather than retreat before an enemy.

XL. THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

Admiral Robert Blake, on 20th April, 1657, performed what is perhaps the most brilliant feat in naval history. A Spanish fleet was lying in the harbour of Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands, protected by a ring of forts. Blake, with a force barely superior to the enemy's fleet, sailed in, destroyed every Spanish ship, and came out again without substantial loss. Soon after the news of this great victory reached England, he was ordered home, but died just before reaching Plymouth, his health having been ruined by long and arduous service.

3 **shores where the names are the names of the victories of England.** Quiberon Bay (1759), St. Vincent (1797), and Trafalgar (1805) are the most important.

12. **the Western hills.** Blake was a west country man, but of Somerset, not, like the great Elizabethan seamen, of Devon.

XLI. CLIFTON CHAPEL

A father introducing his son to his own old school—the author was himself a Clifton boy—takes him into the chapel, as

the centre of the school's best influence. Boys who have imbibed the spirit of a good public school will look back to the chapel as the place where high ideals of life—of duty, honour and faithful service—first took a strong hold of them.

XLII. RECESSIONAL

This poem appeared in the *Times* on the morrow of Queen Victoria's second jubilee, at which time much was written about the great expansion of the British Empire during her long reign. The title *Recessional*, signifying a hymn sung by clergy and choir while going out of church, suggests that the thoughts expressed in it were the appropriate ones to follow the thanksgiving ceremony.

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